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# CARNEGIE

## MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XI

PITTSBURGH, PA., JUNE 1937

NUMBER 3



### THE PENNSYLVANIA BOG GROUP

A GROUP BY OTTMAR F. AND HANNA VON FUEHRER

HALL OF BOTANY, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(See Page 86)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XI NUMBER 3  
JUNE 1937

How much better is it to weep at joy than to  
joy at weeping.

—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

—3D—

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—3D—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE TWO FOSTERS

In the recent dedication of the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Hall by the University of Pittsburgh, there were three points which impressed themselves on the minds of the community: First, here was a unified and complete collection of the works of this immortal singer, got together in his native home; second, they were housed in a most attractive structure—a gem of Gothic architecture; and third, the interior of the building contains what many persons believe is the most beautiful little auditorium in the world.

While the singing and speaking were going on, the mind of one auditor was carried back to the time when there were two Fosters—Stephen, the wandering minstrel, the wastrel, in the judgment of his family a vagabond, yet one in whom heaven had set its divine fire, and who, despite the careless habits that brought censure from his friends, was constantly composing those songs in the deep harmonies of simple life which were to win the world and give him immortal fame. The second was his brother, William Barclay Foster, college trained, an engineer who rose to a vice presidency in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and brought to his family, with the exception of the incorrigible Stephen, a prestige and social setting which were the natural attributes of business and financial success. But today William is forgotten, with his generation, while Stephen, the wayward child of genius, holds his firm seat in the human heart wherever music is loved—forever.

THAT DRY-SPELL WORD AGAIN

Here is a letter from the world's greatest authority on pronunciation, supporting the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE's contention that a dry spell is a drouth—pronounced drowth—as used by the best writers, and discarding that barbarism, drought—pronounced drowt or drawt:

FUNK & WAGNALL'S DICTIONARY  
MAY 13, 1937

DEAR CARNEGIE:

It was delightful to receive a letter from you and the March issue of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. You are right, the word drowth should be pronounced as you have indicated; but the Scots have one way of pronouncing it, and the English another, so one need not be surprized at a third.

—FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

And Webster's Dictionary says this:

DEAR CARNEGIE:

We are glad to have the article on the pronunciation of drowth which is contained on page 317 of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. It is very kind of you to remember us—we are always interested in matters of this sort.

—G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY

FREDONIA, NEW YORK

DEAR CARNEGIE:

... Your Magazine is a jewel among art publications. . .

—MICHEL NARCA

# ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON, SCULPTOR

By LEILA MECHLIN

[No activity in art, especially American art, is foreign to Leila Mechlin. Art critic on the Washington Evening Star since 1900, Secretary of the American Federation of Arts from 1912 to 1933, and Editor of the American Magazine of Art from 1909 until 1931, she has been Secretary of the Washington Society of Fine Arts since 1907 and is well known as a writer and lecturer on art subjects.]

SCULPTURE, because it is largely three-dimensional, is commonly regarded by the layman as the most tangible of the arts; here is something one can walk around, lay one's hand on and measure by reality. But be not deceived, for unless it evidences the magical touch—that intangible quality which emanates from the individual and betokens kinship with the divine—it is not art at all but hollow mimicry and imitation, not creation. And the more subtle this touch, the more significant the art. The great masters of the past did not beat upon their chests and declare themselves artists, their art was not stressed at the expense of truth, but went hand in hand with it. It is an unconscious rather than a conscious quality which finds expression inevitably and unavoidably, and in such measure as endowment and discipline permit. For such reasons and in such wise, the sculpture of Anna Hyatt Huntington, exhibited during June in the Carnegie Institute, is set apart and distinguished.

Royal Cortissoz, in a foreword to the catalogue of this exhibition, puts it differently and well. Referring specifically to sculptures of animals, he says: "The wild animal is so much more than a ponderable subject for the observation of the realist. It is at once a thing of anatomy and a thing of mystery. We say of an accomplished 'animalier' that he

has interpreted the character of a great beast. We mean by that much more than his accuracy in representing the form and movement of the model. We are conscious, when he succeeds, not only of the efficacy of hand or eye but of the depth of his imaginative insight. It is only when he has that resource, as a master like Barye had it, when naturalistic skill is tinctured by instinctive



JOAN OF ARC

sympathy, that his work carries conviction. Mrs. Huntington has in her art this dual power. Her animals come alive in their quiddity. They do so because they are not snapshots but works of art, because they speak not only of fidelity to Nature but of artistic divination."

Mrs. Huntington has always been interested in animals. Her father, the late Alpheus Hyatt, was an eminent paleontologist and a professor of zoology at Harvard. "Before she learned her letters," we are told, "she took delight in watching live creatures, and in shaping their likeness in clay." The passing of a horse or dog would make her miss her stroke at tennis. It was not, however, until the early nineties, and when her twentieth birthday had been passed, that she turned to sculpture as a career. Her sister, Harriet Hyatt (Mrs. Mayor), preceded her in the practice of this art and had by then done work of outstanding merit. The technique of modeling in clay came to her not only through natural aptitude but gradual familiarity. At first she studied with Kitson in Boston, then with MacNeil in New York. But from the beginning Anna Hyatt realized that she must work out her own salvation, solve her own problems, learn by correcting her own mistakes. She and

Harriet Frismuth took a studio together—up two flights of stairs in an old building—on a side street in the heart of New York and persuaded

Gutzon Borglum, then lately returned from Paris and the Academie Julien, to give them occasional criticisms, which he did with unfailing professional generosity. It was not long before both young sculptors found their own metier and were standing firmly on their own feet. Miss Frismuth later went to Paris and entered the ateliers of famous French masters, but it was not until 1907 that Anna Hyatt, when her reputation as a sculptor of animals had been made here and was secure, went overseas, and then to work rather than study. She was, as Mrs. Herbert Adams has pointed out, "a striking exception to the general rule in that she needed no long period of training—perhaps because she was born with a goodly heritage of Cambridge culture." This does not mean, however, that her success was achieved

without labor. She is, and always has been, a tremendous worker, subjecting herself to unending discipline and holding tenaciously to an ideal of perfection. Indeed she has given herself to her art with a singleness of mind and persistence of ardor rarely equaled. And although she has had few masters, she



DIANA

declares that she has learned of many, for she has an alert, receptive mind as well as sensitive and knowing fingers, and her creative impulses come from hidden depths.

In November, 1936, the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York honored Mrs. Huntington, its only woman sculptor member, by a comprehensive exhibition in its stately gallery. In this were gathered no less than 171 works, the earliest of which dated from about 1898 and were done in Bostock's animal show in Boston, while the latest, accredited to the current year, came from her studio on a South Carolina plantation where she and her distinguished husband make their winter home. The year 1908 is set down in this record as "in Italy doing large lion for Dayton, Ohio." In 1909 and 1910 she was in Paris doing her first heroic-size equestrian—Joan of Arc.

It was the production of the statue



COLT

of Joan of Arc, first shown in the Paris Salon of 1910, and there awarded Honorable Mention, which brought this sculptor into universal fame. It was a colossal achievement. In it she portrayed the courage of youth as well as dauntless determination, knowledge, and genius. In order that it might be all her own, she shut her-

self up in her Paris studio and forbade all masculine visitors among those of her profession. Too frequently had she heard the works of other women sculptors discredited, as being by masculine assistants. Even so, when the work was exhibited in the Salon, it was whispered that no woman could have accomplished such a result unaided. But she did, building her own armatures and throwing on the great weight of clay. The model for her horse was found in the stables of the Magazin de Louvre and lent without price, a stableman leading the splendid creature up and down



ELEPHANT RUNNING



before her studio on "rest days," times without number.

When she undertook the statue of Joan of Arc, physical difficulties were not the only ones in this ambitious young artist's path. She had before her what Royal Cortissoz aptly describes as "the distracting shadows" of what Dubois and Frémiet had done in the same field and, as he says, "it must have been hard to avoid emulation of the superb medievalism of the former, the bold picturesqueness of the other." In spite of this "the equestrian statue that emerged from under her hands triumphs by virtue of the originality which accents its dignity and its grace." Frémiet's Maid of Orleans is essentially heroic, Dubois' is the visionary saint, but Mrs. Huntington sets Joan before us as a spirit aflame, a spirit so fragile that a breath might extinguish it, but so fired by purpose that its light can never be dimmed. In their "History of

Sculpture," George H. Chase and Chandler Post of Harvard say that in the production of this work Mrs. Huntington has set herself a standard which if continuously upheld will place her among our greatest sculptors, characterizing it as "a happy union of equine knowledge, archeological accuracy and compositional beauty, with keen characterization and high power of spiritual expression."

The city of Blois, France, has given to this statue the finest site at its disposal. A replica, erected on Riverside Drive, New York, is regarded as "the best loved equestrian" in this bustling metropolis; others in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and in San Francisco speak eloquently to the passer-by both of the great past and of those enduring things of the spirit. In recognition of her achievement and its indebtedness, Blois has accorded the sculptor the gift of citizenship, and France has made her an Officer of the Legion of Honor.

One other equestrian statue stands to Mrs. Huntington's credit. El Cid, modeled after her return to this country and shortly before her marriage to Archer M. Huntington in 1923, is erected on the plaza in front of the Hispanic Museum at New York; with replicas in Seville, Spain; Buenos Aires, Argentina; and in San Francisco and San Diego, California. Utterly different, but with no less character, this statue makes up in boldness and strength for what it may lack in grace and spirit. More than the Joan of Arc, it possesses masculinity in manner of expression, and what perhaps may best be described as "colorful quality."

In addition to these two equestrian statues, which vie with the best not merely in our day but of all time, Mrs. Huntington has done but few figures and only two or three portraits, all of which,



PEACOCKS FIGHTING

however, show great competence in handling and sensitive understanding. Two of the figures are of Diana, one in maturity, with dog by her side; the other in early youth, aiming an arrow skyward. Both are modeled with an air of ease, with assured correctness, but also with emotion, and are very lovely, especially when seen in the full flood of outdoor light and landscape setting. Again we are reminded of that wise saying of Augustus Saint-Gaudens—"It is not what you do, but the way you do it that counts."

Among Mrs. Huntington's portraits the most significant is that of her mother, Mrs. Alpheus Hyatt, cut in marble, and showing her in all the beauty of age, worn like a crown, with distinction. This is modeled very simply but with exceptional directness and with the reverence of a daughter in loving tribute.

"All Anna Hyatt Huntington's sculpture," a friend, who knows her well and is at the same time a critic, says, "is wrought with love and with knowledge and poetic imagination, that priceless spirit which peers beyond love and beyond knowledge, giving them wings to reach regions not dreamed of." This is peculiarly true of her sculpture of animals, which represents numerically and collectively her major achievement. No one could have modeled wild and domestic creatures as she has done without possessing these qualities and in large measure. It should, however, be straightway noted that at no time has Mrs. Huntington imputed to the animals she has interpreted characteristics which they do not possess. Never has she been tempted to personify them or to exaggerate their animal instincts or cunning. Here it is that that magical touch referred to comes in, transforming that which is real—but transitory—into that which is of all time and of lasting significance. In her modeling of young colts and fawns there is a touch of tenderness for weakness, whereas when she gives us elephants or lumbering boars, weight and force are most

strongly felt. And what variety there is in her output! Not only has she essayed practically all the domesticated animals but those of the jungle and wilds as well. Her sculpture of creatures of the cat tribe is particularly engaging. How well she has seen the muscles slipping to and fro under the skin, how well represented the rhythmic motion of body and limbs! In many of her animal groups and single figures there is definite action but never with the appearance of sudden arrest.

In her compositions she is at times very daring—and in this sense "modern"—a law unto herself. Take, for instance, "Greyhounds Playing," or "Fawns Playing," or "Goats Fighting," in each of which the plastic sense is strong but great freedom allowed in the matter of composition. In other groups there is likewise solidity and at the same time separateness.

An innovation in recent years, dating from the time when Mr. and Mrs. Huntington established a winter residence in the South, is the modeling of wild birds and fowls, a unique departure in the field of sculpture—and with what charm it has been done! What accuracy of vision it must have entailed and with what swift precision the impression must have been recorded! In the presence of these works one is reminded of the paintings of birds and fowls made by the Chinese masters of earlier centuries. "Cranes Rising" is a column of birds, wing touching wing, with the dominant effect of buoyancy; "Peacocks Fighting" is a very spirited glimpse of royal combatants literally seething with animation and anger, but so beautifully composed that the sight delights the eye and senses; "Two Swans," breast to breast, head to head, form a graceful, unified design, almost conventional. Never does Mrs. Huntington stylize her work, nor stress the personal equation. Hers is the art which conceals art, by absorption in theme, enthusiasm, devotion, and perfection of technical handling.

## IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

By JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

*Assistant Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE treasures in its permanent collection of paintings a portrait of Stephen Collins Foster. Important because it was the first oil painting of the composer, although it was not made until a few years after his death; it is important also because it is an excellent likeness of Foster; and it is important, moreover, because it was painted at the instance of his brother, Morrison Foster, and is one more indication of the bond which existed between the two brothers. While it cannot be said to be of great importance artistically, it is so, historically; and certainly it is so, in the affection of the people of the community, of which Foster is one of the first citizens.

Ever since it was presented to the Carnegie Institute in 1904, the painting has borne a brass plate which gives the name of the artist as "? Clough" with no dates for his birth and death. The interrogation mark for the Christian name of the artist is most unusual and at the same time intriguing. In addition to the fact that the plate reveals that the Christian name of the artist was not known, it throws some doubt



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER  
By GEORGE LAFAYETTE CLOUGH (1824-1901)  
Circa 1865  
Permanent Collection, Carnegie Institute

on his surname and indicates that little or nothing was ascertainable about the artist.

The name of the painter has only recently been established beyond any reasonable question, and the story is worth retelling. The writer must admit at once that he has had a very small part in it. The credit is due Helen Beatty who, as secretary to her father, the late John W. Beatty, Director of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute, began and carried on for a long period the search which has eventually led to the identification of the artist.

When Morrison Foster, the brother of Stephen Foster, died in 1904, his widow, Rebecca S. Foster, wrote to Andrew Carnegie offering to sell the portrait to him. On her letter he penciled the following notation to William N. Frew, who was then President of the Board of Trustees:

"If this were a good portrait should get it and keep in Pittsburgh. I'd gladly buy it and give it. Beatty might examine."

When Mr. Beatty saw the portrait he recommended its purchase and, characteristic of Andrew Carnegie's fore-



sight, it was bought immediately so that it should remain in Pittsburgh. It was also characteristic of him that there was no discussion of the price set by Mrs. Morrison Foster.

In the same letter Mrs. Foster said that the portrait had been "painted by Mr. Clough" and added: "My dear husband thought it much like his brother, and of course prized it highly." When asked for more definite information about the painting she wrote:

"My husband, Morrison Foster, had it copied from an ambrotype sometime about 1865. It was not made from photographic enlargements, for the hands in the ambrotype did not suit the artist and he got my husband, whose hands were a counterpart of his brother's, to pose for them. The ambrotype was taken sometime in the fifties and was the best and last one Stephen had taken. Mr. Foster said the eyes in the portrait were exactly right—lifelike—and the whole picture good but not flattering. I do not know Mr. Clough's first name—it may be on the back of the portrait. He came from New York, and Mr. Foster said he was considered a fine artist, the best he could get."

The ambrotype to which Mrs. Morrison Foster refers in her letter, and from which the painting was copied, was made in Pittsburgh on June 12, 1859. This ambrotype and the letter written by Stephen Foster when he sent it to his brother are both prized possessions of the Foster Collection in the University of Pittsburgh. Contrary to Mrs. Foster's statement, this was not the last photograph of Stephen Foster—there was another one taken shortly be-

fore his death, either in December, 1863, or January, 1864, which, too, is in the Foster Collection.

The painting—the idea of which is to show Stephen Foster reflecting for a moment while in the act of composing—is almost an exact copy of the ambrotype of 1859 as to the head, shoulders, and pose. The artist, to fill his canvas and to make the painting more imposing and characteristic, improvised on the ambrotype so that Stephen Foster's left arm is resting on a piano instead of on a table. He carried out the right arm beyond that shown in the ambrotype and painted in the right hand of the composer, in which he placed a manuscript and pencil. The famous Foster lute is on the piano—certainly introduced at the suggestion of Morrison Foster.

The search to ascertain the name of the painter of the portrait was begun in 1906. Through the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh it was found that the only artist with the surname Clough of whom there was a record was George Lafayette Clough, who was born in Auburn, New York, on September 18, 1824, and died in that city on February 20, 1901.

The New York Public Library reported that he had lived in New York from 1866 to 1875 and that he had exhibited in the National Academy of Design at various intervals from 1859 to 1872. Other than the surname, there was no evidence in 1906 to connect this artist with the painter of the portrait.

The search for additional information was continued through several years, and finally another appeal was made to Mrs. Morrison Foster. On



AMBROTYPE OF STEPHEN FOSTER

1859

Courtesy of Foster Collection,  
University of Pittsburgh

August 27, 1919, she wrote Mr. Beatty that Clough was a friend of her husband's and that he had lived in Cleveland and afterwards in Cincinnati. With this new clue, a letter was sent to Frederic Allen Whiting, then Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, and he located a Mrs. Caroline Greene Williams, who had known George L. Clough in Cleveland when he worked in her father's photographic studio. It was customary in the early days of photography for a photographic firm to have on its staff an artist to make crayon and oil portraits from photographs. Mrs. Williams said she had several landscapes and one group of portraits by Clough—the portraits made when he was painting in water color, India ink, and oil for the photographic firm of Greene in Cleveland. She stated further that he went from Cleveland to Cincinnati and then back to Auburn, New York.

A letter addressed to the Estate of George L. Clough at Auburn in 1919 was returned as unclaimed, but a letter sent on chance to the Postmaster of Auburn was eventually delivered "to an old and intimate friend of Mr. Clough, Captain Frank H. Pulsifer." Mr. Pulsifer wrote that he had been the executor for the estate of George Lafayette Clough, who died in Auburn in 1901 and was buried in the Fort Hill Cemetery in that city. Mr. Pulsifer verified the localities where his friend had lived before his return to his native city. He knew nothing of the Foster portrait, but he did know that Mr.

Clough was a well-known portrait painter, in fact he himself was "in possession of several valuable pictures by his hand."

It seems that George L. Clough of Auburn had shown a natural taste for drawing at a very early age. He entered the services of a physician in his native city because he could arrange his work in such a way that he could devote part

of his time to drawing. About 1844 he began to study under Charles Loring Elliot (1812-68) who was a noted and prolific portrait painter. Elliot became his close friend and did a portrait of him which eventually came into the possession of Mr. Pulsifer. In 1850 Clough went to Europe, where he did the customary thing for art students of his day—copied pictures in the important galleries of the continent. On his return to the United States,

he lived in New York City, and from there he went to Cleveland and later to Cincinnati, returning to New York about 1866 and residing there until 1875. For seven years of that time he was President of the Art Club of Brooklyn. During those years he exhibited landscapes and figure pieces at the National Academy of Design in New York City. About 1875 he returned to Auburn, where he remained until his death.

After all this data about George Clough and the Foster portrait had been assembled and compiled, there still remained the question as to whether the artist had ever been in Pittsburgh, and if not, how and where Morrison Fos-



GEORGE LAFAYETTE CLOUGH  
Photographed by Greene, Cleveland

ter had come into contact with him.

Just recently Fletcher Hodges Jr., Curator of the Foster Collection, University of Pittsburgh, supplied the missing link of evidence when he established through Morrison Foster's daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Foster Morneweck, of Detroit, that her father had lived in Cleveland "from February, 1860, until

late in the year, 1870." It is evident that when Morrison Foster went to Cleveland to live he took with him the ambrotype which Stephen had given him in 1859, and about a year after his brother's death he commissioned George Lafayette Clough in Cleveland to paint the portrait which is now at the Carnegie Institute.

## SUMMER PLANS OF THE MUSEUM STAFF

WHILE a certain percentage of the field work of the Carnegie Museum goes on during the entire year, the greater part of it is done between the months of April and October, with workers ranging not only over the United States, but the Western Hemisphere.

During the current year, the staff goes north, west, east, and south on their diverse collecting expeditions. Andrey Avinoff, Director of the Carnegie Museum, is making another trip to Jamaica in order to continue his entomological investigations of the Island. J. LeRoy Kay and John J. Burke, of the Section of Vertebrate Paleontology, are extending their research into Montana in their present expedition in search of fossils. Having thoroughly explored the region around the Uinta Basin in Utah—the Carnegie Institute has a most extensive collection of fossil remains and skeletons from this section of the country—they are going into Montana to complete the collecting begun there for the Museum by two former members of the Paleontology staff, Earl Douglass and O. A. Peterson.

Several other staff members expect to continue work they began on previous explorations in the field. Stanley T. Brooks, Curator of Recent Invertebrates, is returning to Newfoundland to carry on his investigations in snails and shells which he began last year and which was described in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for November, 1936. This year Dr. Brooks will extend his work-

ing boundaries into other parts of the territory, widening the knowledge of the fauna of Arctic invertebrates. E. R. Eller, Assistant in Invertebrate Paleontology, will continue his research and collecting in upper Devonian formations in New York State and Pennsylvania. M. Graham Netting, Curator of Herpetology, will teach at the Oglebay Nature Training School at Lake Terra Alta, West Virginia, and collect specimens in the surrounding neighborhood for the Museum.

The Uinta Basin will again be the scene of intense activity on the part of the Museum staff workers this summer.

The mammal research is still far from being complete and J. Kenneth Doult, Custodian in Charge of Mammals, is returning to the region for further exploration and study of forms. The work done so far has indicated so many new and diverse species in both land and water forms, that representatives are going out this summer from other sections of the Museum for investigation in their fields. George E. Wallace, Assistant in the Section of Entomology and Gordon M. Kutcha of the Section of Invertebrate Zoology, expect to add many new facts to science and desirable forms to Institute collections. The birds of the region—previously unexplored by the Carnegie Museum—are being studied and collected by Ruth Trimble, Assistant Curator, and Arthur C. Twomey, Field Collector, in the Section of Ornithology.

## CHILDREN IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND

*The Fourth Annual Nature Contest for School Children*

By JANE A. WHITE

*Assistant Curator of Education, Carnegie Museum*



FOUR years ago the Carnegie Museum sponsored a Nature Contest originated by the Biology Club of Pittsburgh, in which observation tests were given to determine just how many plants and animals school

children could identify at the conclusion of their year of instruction in nature study. Ever since then a similar competition stimulating interest in Nature has been held in the spring and each year it has met with increasing success. The contest is open to any child in the city, county, or state, from the fifth grade through high school. Boys and girls from the Pittsburgh schools, and also those in nearby towns, who come to the Museum regularly for instruction with their school groups make up a large percentage of the contestants. The others are from localities too far from Pittsburgh for any but infrequent trips for Museum instruction, and during the school year are trained for the contest by their own teachers from a Nature Study list prepared by the Museum for their use and available for the children either through their teachers or at their own request.

This year the enthusiasm of the junior biologists and naturalists of Pittsburgh and the vicinity soared to new heights when the Club again came to the front with another contest to rekindle the interest of the boys and girls along Mother Nature's many intriguing channels. The staff of the Museum is pleased to have had the op-

portunity of sponsoring a competitive project that has created such interest.

Saturday morning, May 15, was an exceptionally busy one at the Carnegie Institute. Promptly at ten o'clock, when the Museum doors opened, several hundred elementary-school children from Pittsburgh and the surrounding district assembled to compete for honors in this fourth annual Museum Nature Contest. The Hall of Recent Invertebrates, on the second floor, was screened off from all but the actual participants, who were admitted to the room after registering and receiving a mimeographed sheet on which were consecutive numbers from one to fifty, representing the specimens that were displayed on long tables—plants, amphibians, snakes, birds, and mammals. The entrants were required not only to



THE SERIOUSNESS OF IDENTIFICATION  
... is an outstanding feature of the contest.



HIGH-SCHOOL PUPILS IDENTIFYING SPECIMENS

... in the fourth Nature Contest held at the Carnegie Museum in May. These entrants are expected to recognize one hundred specimens and also be able to spell their names correctly.

identify each specimen by name but also to spell the names correctly. The accompanying pictures indicate that the seriousness of this identification is an outstanding feature of the project, and the thirty prizes offered jointly by the Museum and the Biology Teachers' Club and affiliated organizations each year perhaps add not a little to the endeavor of the children. These prizes, either money, or books on plants and animals, were carefully wrapped in gift paper and sent to the winners by a committee headed by Millie Ruth Turner, school instructor at the Museum for many years, who was the motivating spirit in originating the contest.

In preparation for the Pittsburgh Nature Study Contest five high-school students of Greensburg, under the direction of Professor Charles W. Demoise, conducted a contest there for the elementary-school pupils, several weeks in advance of the Carnegie Institute competition. It was gratifying to both localities that two of the five high-school pupils who conducted the Greensburg contest won prizes here.

The community contests—such as that held in Greensburg—are educa-

tionally interesting because they are a definite result of the far reaching effect and the direct outgrowth of the Museum contest and its other educational activities. Next year Altoona, Johnstown, and Imperial plan to join Greensburg in conducting similar competitions prior to, and in preparation for, the major event at the Carnegie Museum, which will occur on Saturday, May 21, 1938. Corresponding with the practice of former years, elementary students, from the fifth to the eighth grades, will be given fifty plants and animals to identify, while pupils of high schools are expected to recognize one hundred specimens. The material for the contest will be selected from the Nature Study list now available.

One may ask, "Why conduct such a contest?" Aside from its educational and cultural values, it creates in the child a better appreciation of the world in which he lives. Each year, as the door opens wider, his eyes are better trained to observe more closely the facts of plant and animal life on an ever widening horizon until gradually he learns to understand Mother Nature in her most attractive attributes.



# AN ASTOUNDING RECORD OF EDUCATIONAL BENEVOLENCE

## SUMMARY OF COMBINED GIFTS AND BEQUESTS TO TWENTY-NINE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES WITH ENROLLMENTS OVER 1,000, 1930 to 1936

COURTESY OF THE JOHN PRICE JONES CORPORATION, 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

INSTITUTION	1930-31	1931-32	1932-33	1933-34	1934-35	1935-36	Six-Year Total
Brown University.....	\$ 251,811	\$ 481,331	\$ 442,601	\$ 833,118	\$ 253,971	\$ 239,461	\$ 2,502,293
Bucknell University.....	24,252	4,844	13,425	101,525	104,802	277,500	526,348
University of California.....	3,834,733	1,755,485	1,025,102	772,484	1,572,608	1,855,655	10,816,067
Carnegie Institute of Technology.....	227,435	159,154	109,047	122,859	87,133	58,201	763,829
University of Chicago.....	8,020,540	4,063,647	4,865,745	2,033,420	1,859,338	8,010,913	28,853,603
University of Cincinnati.....	274,209	184,762	373,987	177,283	256,978	265,855	1,533,074
Columbia University.....	3,083,827	2,102,977	1,755,866	2,152,882	1,766,571	4,891,142	15,753,265
Cornell University.....	1,333,032	573,252	3,155,132	1,067,324	761,584	781,486	7,671,810
Dartmouth College.....	846,425	682,776	375,935	281,515	527,931	415,015	3,129,597
Hampton Institute.....	409,716	329,553	179,057	335,705	59,939	117,058	1,431,028
Harvard University.....	15,632,184	8,232,667	3,931,041	3,072,887	2,786,639	6,489,929	40,145,347
University of Illinois.....	263,698	215,865	129,115	199,449	159,309	147,116	1,114,552
State University of Iowa.....	248,214	178,144	174,492	311,450	388,190	420,512	1,721,002
Johns Hopkins University.....	3,233,348	3,007,757	507,787	638,157	649,193	792,321	8,828,563
Lehigh University.....	182,520	260,560	102,764	76,500	77,535	202,356	902,235
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.....	1,339,279	1,781,472	306,294	208,634	580,695	429,533	4,645,907
University of Minnesota.....	368,482	365,015	504,880	770,530	475,599	238,764	2,723,270
New York University.....	753,216	1,301,789	1,375,597	766,102	270,548	471,716	4,938,968
Oberlin College.....	810,501	413,301	120,882	84,671	112,839	98,788	1,640,982
Ohio State University.....	80,101	75,490	48,623	55,521	77,303	162,940	499,978
University of Pennsylvania.....	2,357,162	891,047	646,936	726,994	501,813	2,385,015	7,508,967
Princeton University.....	2,101,170	1,423,040	322,494	389,983	569,103	304,955	5,110,745
Rutgers University.....	281,480	80,432	44,664	62,314	172,519	100,417	741,826
Stanford University.....	1,214,653	1,154,472	649,134	415,910	489,563	372,984	4,296,716
Syracuse University.....	182,329	85,453	212,942	155,107	158,358	120,262	914,451
Temple University.....	761,641	120,376	21,302	32,366	55,653	349,765	1,341,103
University of Texas.....	194,247	312,410	118,031	83,921	130,626	236,144	1,075,379
Western Reserve University.....	894,203	805,340	372,677	717,368	383,699	330,170	3,563,457
Yale University.....	24,406,275	12,868,136	2,702,999	4,581,267	10,835,898	3,007,881	58,402,456
Totals.....	\$ 73,610,683	\$ 43,910,547	\$ 24,588,551	\$ 21,227,246	\$ 26,125,937	\$ 33,633,854	\$223,086,818



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD

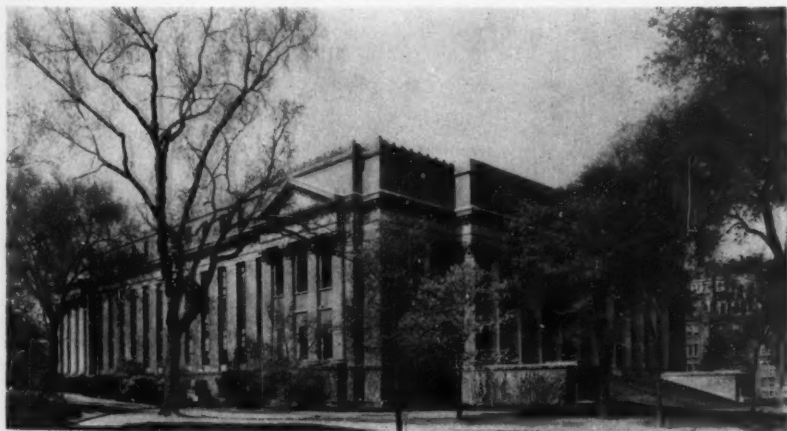


IN the last number of the **CARNEGIE MAGAZINE** the Gardener told his readers of the formation of a large and representative committee of Pittsburgh men who had generously agreed to give their time and influence toward the collection of \$4,000,000 for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, whereupon, when this sum is secured, double that amount, or \$8,000,000, will fall, as it were, out of the sky and provide this great school with a total new endowment fund of \$12,000,000. That committee took up its commendable work with inspiring zeal, and its members are reporting from day to day, and with fine enthusiasm, the fruitful results of their labors in a great cause.

It is the appointed task of these apostles of education to go before individuals and committees of directors and present their story, and the responses are being made in such numbers and in such amounts as give a gratifying testimony to the open-heartedness of the

people of Pittsburgh. The gathering of these subscriptions naturally requires an element of time, especially in cases where board action is necessary; and even in the case of individuals, delay occurs where a prospective giver will say, "I can feel free to subscribe so much today, but hope in another week or two to be able to make a larger gift." But the one fact that is already so encouragingly manifest is that the appeal itself has been accepted with approbation and is meeting with the hearty cooperation of the community.

We are to raise \$4,000,000, one third of which, or \$1,333,333, may be in buildings on the campus. Each dollar contributed to our four millions is matched by two more dollars put into the total fund of twelve millions. One hundred thousand dollars will thus become three hundred thousand, and the man who gives a million is immediately the potential giver of three millions. Is not our receptacle for this



THIS IS THE WIDENER LIBRARY AT HARVARD

Any friend who may be inspired to erect a similar building, so badly needed on the Carnegie Tech campus, will be credited with three times its cost.

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

money, therefore, a veritable Garden of Gold?

Owing to the plan of payment, which runs for three years—or longer, where desired—such of these subscriptions as are not paid in cash cannot be included in the receipts of money that are shown in the concluding paragraph of this department from month to month. Furthermore, the wish has been expressed in many cases, and for special reasons, that for the present moment the names of the givers will not be published. But the feeling toward the general proposition was shown when one of our citizens, withholding his name, came into the Garden of Gold and said: "Pittsburgh can never afford to let you fall down on such a magnificent offer. If \$25,000 will help you to get your \$12,000,000, here it is!" And he made his subscription accordingly.

The next day brought another equal gift—\$25,000—this one paid in cash, with the promise of more at a later date. Then Mr. H. J. Lewis, also walking into the Garden of Gold, and with a comment quite similar to the one quoted above, gave his check for \$10,000; the next contribution was \$50 from the Interfraternity Council of Carnegie Tech; and Edward E. McDonald, a student who has so frequently contributed to this fund, sent \$25, making \$35,075 in cash to be acknowledged for this month. In the previous months since the present movement for the Endowment Fund was begun in March, a total cash gift of \$1,678.42 has been reported here. Other subscriptions already made are, one for \$10,000; one for \$1,000; one for \$10,000; one for \$1,000; one for \$5,000; and one for \$1,000, making \$89,753.42 subscribed up to June 10.

But the ground is being broken from day to day for more and more of this golden fruit, and in the next number of the Magazine, which will be that for September, it is hoped and expected that important decisions will be recorded here.

The addition of the cash gifts of \$25,000, \$10,000, \$25, and \$50 to the

total amount of \$2,387,632.10 recorded in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE since its inauguration brings the grand total of reported sums to \$2,422,707.10.

## CARNEGIE TECH COMMENCEMENT

THE thirtieth commencement exercises in the history of the Carnegie Institute of Technology were held in the Syria Mosque on the morning of June 14, when degrees and certificates were conferred. The address, to which further reference will be made in the September magazine, was given by Dr. Dexter S. Kimball, Dean Emeritus of the College of Engineering of Cornell University. The Reverend Dr. Theodore O. Wedel, of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered the baccalaureate sermon on June 13.

## RADIO PROGRAMS

ON Thursday, June 24, Dr. O. E. Jennings, Curator of Botany and Director of Public Education, Carnegie Museum, will bring to a conclusion the 1937 series of Carnegie Museum and Fine Arts Department Radio Programs given since January 14, 1937, over KDKA. In the fall of this year the weekly broadcasts will be resumed over the same station.

## THE CLASSICS—OLD AND NEW

There was the best of all reasons why the ancient classics should be embraced by the old Universities. There were no modern classics. Today we have no such excuse to urge for the dominance of ancient classics, when we have, according to high authorities, a classic literature of our own far exceeding in value that of Greece and Rome.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

## GOVERNMENT IN REVERSE

A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of the Government's power and duty should be steadfastly resisted to the end that the lesson should constantly be enforced, that though the people support the Government, the Government should not support the people.

—GROVER CLEVELAND

## PAINTINGS BY PITTSBURGH ARTISTS

BY JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

*Assistant Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*



FOR three years the Carnegie Institute has presented annually three exhibitions devoted exclusively to Pittsburgh artists. First, the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh exhibition, which is a jury of admission show conducted by the Association with the cooperation of the Institute; second, a one-man exhibition by a Pittsburgh artist, the painter being selected by the Institute as an outstanding figure among his fellows; and third, the Exhibition of Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists, which is limited to approximately twenty-five artists who are selected by the staff of the Department of Fine Arts, largely on the basis of their work in the Associated Artists exhibition.

Through these three exhibitions, the Institute aims to present adequately the work of Pittsburgh artists. The exhibitions are so spaced throughout the art season that there may be a reasonable interval between them, the Associated Artists exhibition opening in February, the one-man show in April, and the Pittsburgh artists in June.

These facts are recited here in order to give the background of the Exhibition of Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists which opened at the Institute on June 8 and will continue through July 31. The first exhibition of this kind was held in April, 1932, eighteen artists being represented at that time by three paintings each. On the occasion of this exhibition, Homer Saint-Gaudens wrote: "These artists have been selected, not

primarily as the best eighteen Pittsburgh painters in the estimation of the department, but as setting forth various aspects of Pittsburgh art. If the exhibition proves successful, other Pittsburgh painters of equal quality, again representing various groups, may be shown in other years."

The second exhibition was not held until June, 1935, when twenty-six artists were presented. The third was held in June, 1936, when twenty-five artists were represented, nine of whom had been in neither one of the previous exhibitions. This was reported as an indication of the rise of new figures in the art of Pittsburgh. In the present show there are twenty-nine artists, eight of whom were in neither one of the three previous exhibitions, signifying again that there are new figures on the horizon of Pittsburgh art and that the older artists must look to their laurels. The theory underlying the exhibition is to give an adequate and comprehensive summary of the work of Pittsburgh artists during a given year, the exhibition being purposely kept small and the artists selected with discrimination, so that the public may encompass—without having to cover too much ground—the present status of the art of painting in Pittsburgh.

It is always a particular pleasure to welcome paintings by Pittsburgh artists to the Carnegie Institute and to comment on the pictures with the tolerance that comes not only from appreciation, but also from even a limited understanding of their problems. They are our artists; their vision is, in a measure, our vision. If we cannot see eye to eye with them, we should at least pause to consider whether we may not be at fault. If they fail to accomplish what we expect of them, perhaps it is be-



VELMA BY CAROLIN MCCREARY

cause they lack the attention that would urge them to greater possibilities.

Artists are aided immensely in their work by competent art critics. It is the critic's rare privilege to direct the public reaction to a given exhibition. The critic has power, which he should use wisely, to assist the artist to rise to his full height and to prepare the public to move with him, to the end that the maker and the user of a beautiful object may be of one mind. If the critic does not have the proper background for his work, if he is narrow in his conception of art, if he is inclined to see non-essentials, if he is unduly prejudiced, if he carries his own personal pique, if he is flippant and sarcastic, if he feels the only way to be a critic is to find fault and comment adversely, then he does the artist harm, and—what is more objectionable—he poisons public opinion. No one will blame a critic for being human, and it is very human to be tolerant and sympathetic toward the artists of one's own community. The artist who finds himself with an appreciative and sympathetic public, with people who are willing to barter with him, and with critics who are intelligent and helpful, he will achieve the impossible.

Someone has said that all art is

propaganda. This Exhibition of Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists is singularly free from narrow propaganda. It is propaganda for life, in the sense that most of the paintings have to do with the symbols of life. Most of the subjects are of good cheer. There is a great deal of very competent painting. These Pittsburgh artists have exclaimed, 'A plague on both your houses!' for the two extremes in painting, and have selected their own type, which they have made their very own. One is surprised at the uniformity of technique, which is neither old nor new, but definitely of our own day and

generation.

Among the newcomers to the exhibition, perhaps the most outstanding are Elizabeth Shannon Phillips and Peggy Phillips. The former shows a canvas, "Spring Comes to New York," that is intriguing in arrangement and teems with life. Nothing human is



SPRING COMES TO NEW YORK  
BY ELIZABETH SHANNON PHILLIPS



apart from it. The painting, "Winter Scene," has a fascinating swirl to it and a realistic, frosty atmosphere. Peggy Phillips has two paintings, one of which, "Portrait," presents a seriously thought-out and dynamic figure in an unusual pose; her other painting, "River Fishing," is quaint, rich in color, and exceptionally planned for the canvas.

John H. Fraser, who is also new to the exhibition, shows "Taxco Roofs"—an outcome of a trip to Mexico—in which the roofs of the houses are used to make the design of the canvas. This painting is in striking contrast to his "Locomotives Steaming," which is a powerful study in blacks relieved with strategic touches of red. Still lifes Nos. 1 and 2 are the contributions of Helen J. Topp. Both are attractive in color and excellent in design. Marguerite Derdeyn has two contrasting canvases, "Nude," in which the figure is interestingly posed and the whole painting is warm in color, and "Still Life," in which the objects are particularly well arranged. "Self Portrait" and "Still Life" are the paintings shown by Eleanor A. Nussbaum, another newcomer to the exhibition. The figure in "Self Portrait" is capably modeled and aptly placed with reference to the window and table. In "Still Life," each part is made to bear a definite relation to the other part in a most fascinating manner.

Leona Orringer's study in the nude, entitled "Repose," is particularly luxuriant in color, and her small canvas, "Springtime," is built up into two effective planes. "Wharf Market" by



FANCOURT STREET, PITTSBURGH BY EVERETT GLASGOW

Lorin H. Thompson Jr. is muralistic in conception and abounds in the fullness of life. His second canvas, "Sunday Afternoon," which, strangely enough, is the title given to a large sand pile with a steam shovel standing idly by, is simple in design and effective in its conception.

Each artist in the exhibition has two canvases with the exception of Samuel Rosenberg and Alexander J. Kostellow. Mr. Rosenberg was energetic enough, after his one-man show at the Carnegie Institute, to paint a canvas especially for this exhibition. It is entitled "The Gossips." Houses that cling to the hills on either side of the canvas make an opening through which the eye is carried to the great valley below and then onto the farther hills which lift themselves in the background, the opening giving a grand feeling of spaciousness. Mr. Kostellow's painting is entitled "Interior, with Two Figures." It is a full canvas, without being in any sense overcrowded, and evidences the artist's ability to display plastic quality. Raymond Simboli offers two very excellent paintings which represent the best of his recent work. "Ruth—Easter Morning" is an appealing figure of a young girl all decked out in her Easter costume—exceedingly attractive



MILL AT GUSTIN BY WILFRED A. READIO

in color and design. "Connecticut Barn," in sharp contrast to his figure piece, may be said to be a study in greens, with every part of the canvas worked out through drawing or tonal colors in a construction that is simple but effective.

There will be much discussion about the merits of "Impression," a study by Louise Pershing of Katherine Hepburn as Jane Eyre. There was no intention of making a naturalistic portrait, but the artist did succeed in giving to it the psychological effect of the actress as she may appear on the very sensitive retina of the mind's eye, and that is accomplishment enough. Miss Pershing's other painting, "The Return to the Orchard," is a canvas of unusual strength and merit. Rachel McClelland Sutton offers two cheerful and colorful paintings, "Spring Comes to the Canvas" and "The Circus Is in Town." They both exude the spirit of life and vibrant color.

Charles Timothy Smith has two Pittsburgh scenes. The first is a view of the crowded bench at the Anderson Memorial, Carnegie Library, North Side, entitled "Thinkers," and the other, "After the Flood," is reminiscent of the

river banks of Pittsburgh in the winter of 1936. Milan Petrovits takes his opulent palette and gives the exhibition "Pentecost Sunday" and "Landscape in Penn Township," both vivid paintings, full of sunlight and the feeling that it is good to be alive and in this old world after all. Ottmar von Fuchrer essays a portrait of Dr. Stanley T. Brooks that is done with freedom and spontaneity. His landscape, "Mt. Rainier," is a colorful and expansive canvas.

Both paintings show how proficient he is in the use of white.

Richard Crist has two far removed subjects, "Tourists at St. Lucia" and "Back Yard Politics." The former is painted with pure, vivid colors and sharp outlines, and the latter makes use of tenement buildings as elements in an arresting design.

It is always interesting to see an artist in two distinct moods as to types of paintings and periods. This is true of Maud L. Menton's "The Coast of Cornwall" and "Tulips." The landscape is done in a broad manner with spirit and zest, and beautiful in tone and general effect; the flower piece is a reserved composition in red and green. There always seems to be the saving grace of humor about the paintings of Everett Glasgow. Even in a serious painting such as "Fancourt Street, Pittsburgh," the once staid houses and the little figures seem to look out amused on a world that is passing them by. His small canvas, "The White Swan, U.S.A.," has a quality that is sensitive and the whole painting has unity and a careful technique.

The "Portrait of Helen Ruth Deike" by Olive Nuhfer is done with planes in a

# THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

straightforward, honest manner, and just to show her versatility in handling her pigments, this artist does a landscape, "Hill, Mill, River, Smoke" with an altogether different but capable handling. Two small paintings, "Cyclamen and Seashell" and "Still Life" are the contributions to the exhibition of Virginia Cuthbert—well-designed canvases, done with exceptional skill and command of her medium. Wilfred Radio continues to be fascinated by the West and gives two glimpses of it in "Mill at Gustin" and "Toward Shrine Pass." In the first painting, the mill and its surrounding buildings form in design an effective foreground, while the country thereabouts is made to spread out in an interesting way to fill the background. His second painting, "Toward Shrine Pass," is a pleasing and commanding impression of the rugged country of the Far West.

Carolyn McCreary's portrait study, "Velma," is colorful, dramatic, and singularly posed. She turns from this



TOURISTS AT ST. LUCIA BY RICHARD CRIST

portrait to paint a landscape, "Sun and Wind," in which houses and a tree form an inviting and satisfying composition. "Park in Capri," by Esther Topp Edmonds, is a fascinating landscape in which the artist succeeds in the difficult task of showing three different levels of land and makes the whole composition hang together as a harmonious unit. Her other painting, entitled "Landscape," is a well-organized and followed-through panorama of Pennsylvania farmlands.

Roy Hilton is always interested in design and the effect of light. He plays skillfully with both these elements in "Approaching Storm" and "Village Square." It is intriguing to observe how he makes use of automobiles, awnings, and a bandstand as part of his composition in "Village Square." Rose Ann McGary returns to her favorite theme of streets and houses in her "Pittsburgh Scene, No. 4." In "Patch Quilt" she presents a well-filled canvas, nice in color, and accomplished in its simplicity of design. Norwood MacGilvary has taken the theme of the sun at the beginning and close of the day for his two canvases, "Dawns are Old-Fashioned" and "Hikers at Sundown." This artist is not afraid of color, and he develops with care each little section of both canvases leaving nothing neglected. "Summer Afternoon" is a



PARK IN CAPRI BY ESTHER TOPP EDMONDS

sunlit canvas by Jane Irwin Daschbach in which people, trees, flower beds, and a stone building are integrated into a painting that is agreeable and pleasurable. "Evening Stroll," by the same artist, is the powerful study of a Negro couple walking along the river banks. Last, but by no means least, in the exhibition, are two landscapes by Russell

T. Hyde. "Spring"—one of the very striking paintings in the exhibition—is almost geological in its presentation of fertile farmlands, the country being made to roll in and out of the canvas. "Wraiths," shows a wide expanse of countryside enveloped in an atmospheric haze, giving an immediate sense of reality to the whole scene.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA BOG GROUP

By O. E. JENNINGS

*Curator of Botany and Director of Public Education, Carnegie Museum*



FROM times long past, bogs have been regarded with fear as the abode of foxfire and awesome spirits, and not without some reason. Doubtless, many a person was last seen when about to cross a bog.

Skeletons of animals are frequently found in the peat that forms in the bottoms of bogs and, in Iceland, the skeleton of a woman clothed in ancient haircloth garments was found under eleven feet of such bog deposits.

Botanically, however, a bog is not so mysterious and awesome as it is entrancing. Traversing it may be fraught with the danger of sinking into its treacherous depths but its exploration may yield many a botanical treasure.

Within recent geological times the northern part of North America has been buried under ice and snow so deep that glaciers moved southward, scouring and shoving the rocks and soil along with them, then melted away, only to advance again. Successive glaciations, during what is known as the Glacial period, filled many of the old river channels, heaped up mounds

and ridges, and left great stretches of more level, fertile, glacial soils. When the glaciers began to melt away, there were sometimes great blocks of ice imbedded amongst the sand and gravel and clay, particularly at the front of the glacier, and as these masses of ice dissolved, the soil caved in, forming bowl-shaped depressions known as kettle holes.

The glaciers advanced into northwestern Pennsylvania as far south as northern Beaver County. As they melted away, they left hundreds of kettle-hole depressions, some large, some small, many of them drained by underground deposits of gravel, others holding water and forming many of the swamps, ponds, and small lakes so characteristic of the glaciated region of this part of Pennsylvania.

The movement of the ice southwards during the Glacial period must have been very slow, and evidently there was an opportunity for most of the vegetation of the Far North to spread southwards in front of it before being overcome. During the time when the ice extended down into northwestern Pennsylvania, the vegetation, even around Pittsburgh, might have been much like that of northern Ontario at the present time with its spruce and balsam fir forests. When the climate again became warmer, however, the northern vegetation returned north-

wards, following up the retreating ice-front and being followed and replaced in its turn by the more southern vegetation. It seems quite likely that this northward advance of vegetation is still taking place in the northern states and Canada. Obviously the birches, poplars, willows, spruces, tamaracks, and balsam firs of the North, with their winged or cottony seeds so readily blown by the wind from the forests of the North, and the hickories, walnuts, and oaks, with fruits and seeds too heavy to be carried on the wings of the wind, make up much of the forest vegetation of our own region. It is quite possible that they are still advancing northward in their own slow way.

When the vegetation of the North followed the retreating ice-front back into its old home, it still remained in certain habitats to the south where, on account of altitude or other conditions, it could hold out against the advancing more southern vegetation. The higher mountain peaks of the Adirondacks and of New England still harbor many of the plants of the Far North, hemmed in by the more southern vegetation on the slopes lower down. Similarly, the water of kettle-hole swamps, ponds, and lakes is often supplied from cool springs, and the lower temperatures enable many of the northern swamp plants to maintain themselves, even though the higher ground around them has been taken over by the more southern types. The vegetation of such kettle-hole swamps, ponds, and lakes, thus often constitutes a kind of aboreal island, and in northwestern Pennsylvania there are many interesting kinds of northern plants to be found in such places—one reason for the great botanical interest in such habitats.

The Pennsylvania Bog Group, a section of which is reproduced on the cover, represents a typical small kettle-hole lake with various northern plants, and it illustrates the manner in which such depressions are eventually filled by vegetable deposits of peat or muck, the latter at the present time more com-

monly known to gardeners as humus.

The vegetation around this lake is gradually creeping in, filling the lake as it goes, the mosses being interwoven with the roots of other vegetation, thus forming a tough mat over the accumulating and often semiliquid peat below. This mat surrounds the open water of the pond and is itself encircled by a zone of swamp shrubs, and this thicket of swamp shrubs is, in its turn, invaded and eventually superseded by a swamp forest. Given time enough, these advancing zones will fill the lake with peat or muck deposits, successively reaching a point where the moss mat has reached the middle and there is no open water visible; then it, in turn, will become a swamp thicket; and, finally, the forest zone will close in over the thicket. Theoretically, if given time enough, this swamp forest will build up more and more humus soil and may eventually pass into a sugar-maple and beech forest, the final and last chapter in such a succession in our latitude.

The study of the interrelations of plants and animals and their habitats constitutes the subject of ecology, and there is probably no other spot in Pennsylvania that is of more ecological interest than that partially illustrated by the Pennsylvania Bog Group.

The most interesting part of such a bog is the more or less floating mat of mosses and interlaced roots which surrounds the open water. The characteristic mosses of such a habitat are the fluffy, grayish-green *Sphagnum*s or peat mosses. These are very highly absorptive of water and they continue to grow upwards, branching meanwhile and dying below but not completely decaying. In this manner the upward-growing tufts become larger and larger while the dead parts remain below to form peat. Among the *Sphagnum*s grow many interesting plants which, like the mosses, are mainly far northern in their distribution, such as the little trailing cranberry plants with their disproportionately large red fruits and the cotton grass (*Eriophorum*) with its



fluffy, white, tufted heads. Various shrubs, mostly small, and almost all ranging to Labrador and the Far North, knit the Sphagnum tufts together with their roots and underground stems, so that with due caution one may walk out onto the mat, the whole thing waving up and down meanwhile. Such a place is known as a quaking bog, and disaster awaits the unlucky one who breaks through into the soft, partly decayed mass below. Among the shrubs are the Labrador tea (*Ledum groenlandicum*), with its leaves white-woolly beneath; the bog rosemary (*Andromeda glaucophylla*), with its smooth leaves silvery-white beneath; and the leather-leaf (*Chamaedaphne calyculata*). Along the edge of the water there is a fringe of the swamp loosestrife (*Decodon verticillatus*) with slender drooping branches reaching out and rooting here and there, and assisting materially in the advance of the quaking bog upon the narrowing pond.

An interesting shrub, mostly found in the older part of the quaking bog mat, is the poison sumac (*Rhus Vernix*), a near relative of the poison ivy, but more poisonous. Along with the sumac grows the high-bush blueberry, well known for its delicious fruit, and the winter-berry (*Ilex verticillata*), of which the twigs with clusters of bright red berries are so much used for Christmas decoration.

In a sphagnum bog the water is usually highly acid and the customary mineral ingredients that are found in the water of running streams are generally absent. This probably has much to do with some of the peculiarities of bog plants. Among the strangest of the bog plants are those which catch insects, such as the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) and the pitcher plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), both of which are shown in the middle foreground of the group. The sundew has small, round, reddish leaves about a quarter of an inch across and covered with hairs tipped with shining sticky knobs. A small insect becoming entrapped upon

the sticky knobs will be more securely held as the leaf gradually curves up around him. The sticky knobs then secrete digestive juices by means of which portions of the unfortunate insect's body are dissolved and then absorbed by the leaf. The pitcher plant has hollow, pitcher-like leaves that are partly filled with rain water into which insects are likely to fall. The mouth of the pitcher flares widely on one side and is usually reddish or streaked with color and is covered with shining slippery hairs pointing backward and into the mouth, thus rendering it very easy for the insect to slip into the pitcher but very difficult for it to crawl out. Some kinds of pitcher plants secrete digestive fluids into the pitcher thus dissolving and absorbing parts of the insect just as does the leaf of the sundew. Some biologists believe that such insectivorous plants lack certain food materials in the acid conditions of their bog habitat which they supply by trapping and digesting insects.

Encroaching and advancing upon the quaking bog is a swamp forest in which the tamarack (*Larix americana*) with its soft, light-green foliage usually leads, followed by the black ash, red maple, and white pine, back of which on more solid ground is a mixed forest of red maple, yellow birch, white pine, hemlock, and sugar maple. At the edge of the swamp and extending over into the forest are clumps of the low Canadian yew (*Taxus americana*) appearing like a dwarf hemlock but producing small, bright red, fleshy cones contrasting beautifully with the dark green foliage.

The Pennsylvania Bog Group is the work of Mr. and Mrs. Ottmar F. von Fuehrer with the aid and advice of the members of the Section of Botany of the Carnegie Museum. Mr. von Fuehrer chose to have the group represent late September when chilly weather had brought on the gorgeous autumn colors of red and gold for which our northern Pennsylvania woods are so justly famous.



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*Reviewing Noel Coward's "Hay Fever"; and Two Ballets*

By HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

*Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



"Hay Fever," Noel Coward tells us in his amusing autobiography, was written in three days. "When I finished it," he says, "and had it neatly typed and bound, I read it through and was rather unim-

pressed with it. This was an odd sensation for me, as in those days I was almost always enchanted with everything I wrote." In my opinion the author's judgment was at fault that time. "Hay Fever" has always seemed to me one of the liveliest and most amusing of his comedies. It is true that it lacks the slightly gamey flavor of most of the others; it is as clean as a whistle, as its author said in his curtain speech on the opening night; but cleanliness, after all, is not a positive disadvantage in a play.

The fact that I saw Marie Tempest—the best comedy actress that I have ever seen, with the possible exception of Réjane—in the part of Judith, may originally have made me think that "Hay Fever" is a better play than its author thinks it is. Miss Tempest had—and still has, with her theatrical jubilee behind her—a way of transforming the veriest rubbish into a momentary masterpiece. But I have since read the play and seen several other performances with no Marie Tempest to transfigure them, and "Hay Fever" still seems to me an excellent comedy.

Mr. Coward also tells us something of the origins of the play. When in

New York, he used to go to the house of a famous actress, where, after Sunday-night supper, she, with her husband, son, and daughter—and, incidentally, the guests—played "rather acrimonious games" with "shrill arguments concerning rules . . . waged entirely among the family, which frequently ended in all four retiring upstairs, to be discovered later, by any guest bold enough to go in search of them, amicably drinking tea in the kitchen." In "Hay Fever" the scene is transferred to England, and the Sunday-night supper becomes a week-end—a week-end in intention—although none of the guests manage to survive until Monday. Each of the four members of the family has invited a guest and neglected to inform any of the others of the invitation. When the guests arrive, they are treated to such floods of family quarrels, family jokes, and family reminiscences, with some equally embarrassing flirtations thrown in, that, disheartened, they all sneak away, unnoticed by the family, who are at their Sunday breakfast indulging in a passionate argument as to whether the Rue St. Honoré leads into the Place de la Concorde.

This is the lightest of material and demands a light touch in the handling. Lightly played as a comedy and not a farce, it ran for over a year in England. On the two occasions here on which it has been tried professionally, it has been a comparative failure. The fault in both cases was in the performance and not in the play. It is difficult to cast. The chief part of Judith must, of course, be in skillful and experienced hands, but the other eight parts should be played by excellent character actors suited to the types required. We know

from his book that the author did not find the cast of the first American performance to his satisfaction, with the exception of the leading actress. She, however, on the opening night "in a praiseworthy but misguided effort to lift the play and her fellow-actors out of the lethargy into which they were rapidly congealing, gave a performance of such unparalleled vivacity that it completely overbalanced everything."

No one could say that the present performance was lethargic, but it did suffer considerably from over-vivacity. "Hay Fever" was evidently looked on as a farce, and its characters as lunatics and quite impossible people. If the situations sometimes approach the farcical, the characters are real enough. On this occasion they seemed about as real as the characters of "Abie's Irish Rose" or "Charley's Aunt," and were acted in a manner which would be suitable to those classics. Judith, in the play, was supposed to be a popular leading lady, but she never could have held an audience five minutes if she had indulged in the flouncings and exaggerations that she gave as an example of her art in the "play scene" at the end of the second act. It is, of course, a very difficult part—for a young actress especially—but a quieter performance would have given more of an illusion and been funnier, too. None of the

other parts had the requisite Coward touch, although the two children were natural and amusing, and the bewildered Jackie and the siren Myra had their moments.

I feel hopelessly inadequate when it comes to reporting on two modern ballets. In the dear, old, classical ballet—having been a fervent admirer of the Russian Ballet since 1910—I am on familiar ground. I know a good performance of "Les Sylphides" or "Le Lac des Cygnes" from a bad one. The vocabulary is familiar. I know that entrechats should be clean and pointes easy; I can recognize a cabriole or a fouetté or even, if I am prepared, a brisé-volé. I like the costumes and the scenery and all the accessories that a modern dancer will tell you detract from pure dancing. The ultra-modern art of Mary Wigman and Martha Graham, though it sometimes delights me and often amazes me, leaves me speechless and uncritical. I do not know that grammar; I gather that elemental and primitive and stark are terms of the highest praise, and that pretty is the most devastating adjective that can be applied to it.

The first ballet, "From Ancient Egypt," had music by Homer Wickline, who was also presumably the author of the book. It consisted of an overture



SCENE FROM "HAY FEVER"—STUDENT PLAYERS

and six short scenes—and five long intervals—each dedicated to a different Egyptian deity, Bes, Khonsu, Anubis, and so on. The scenario did not seem to me suitable material for a ballet and one scene seemed to me very like another, but the costumes were good to look at and the suggestions of scenery thrown on the back drop by means of lantern slides were attractive. An energetic chorus supplemented the orchestral accompaniment and sang, according to the program, "invocations . . . phrased in a series of seven sacred tones or vowels"—a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y, I suppose.

The second ballet, "Senior Year," was a much more entertaining affair. The music was by Earl Wild, the dramatic content by George Lloyd. It relates the sad adventures of a senior "whose professors force him to conform to the ways of institutionalized education"; who has a nice but un-understanding family; who "seeks an opiate in religion"; and "who asks for a job in the offices of hard-boiled money interests, but finds that his application is taken rather too perfunctorily." He receives his diploma, and is shoved out into an incomprehensible world. His dream collapses, his family is of no support, the "emptiness of religious forms disgust him, business promises fail. . . . Alone the boy looks into the future, wondering."

I had taken the precaution to study the program notes in the intervals, otherwise I might not have guessed that all this was happening before my

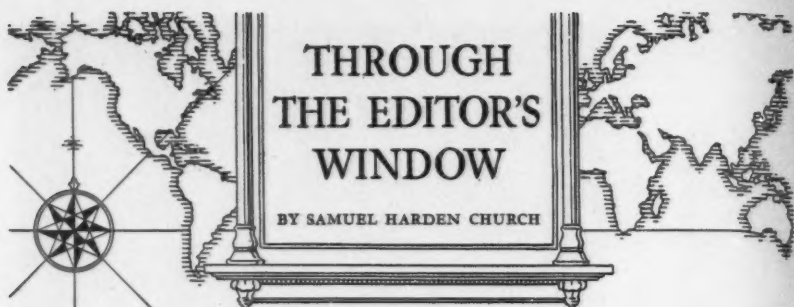


SCENE FROM THE BALLET "SENIOR YEAR"—STUDENT DANCERS

eyes. Indeed, I do not see how even the cleverest choreographer could indicate by dancing and pantomime alone much of the contents of the argument. However, Cecil Kitcat's choreography, besides being handsome in movement and pattern, showed a fine sense of drama, and a fine sense of humor, too, in those parts where humor was needed. Her style, that derives ultimately, I suppose, from Jacques-Dalcroze eurythmics, avoids the starker movements of the Wigman-Graham school, but as rigorously eschews the pretty and the trivial. To have achieved such a smooth and professional performance with a group of students who cannot of necessity make dancing their chief occupation, is in the nature of things a triumph.

George Lloyd, the author of the book, danced the principal part of the senior with style and a really fine rhythmic sense. The trios of professors and business men were amusing.

Mr. O'Brien conducted both scores with gusto, and a bow is due to Leota McNemry for her masterly manipulation of the tympani.



#### A FAREWELL TO POLITICS

**D**OWN with politics!" says George E. Sokolsky in a recent newspaper article. "Let us breathe the fresh air of Mother Earth, and thank God that we still live."

That is sound philosophy, and when the Editor read it during the Decoration Day holiday spent in the Allegheny Mountains he resolved that he would never again write a line on partisan politics for the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*.

Mr. Sokolsky confessed that he had long fretted his soul with what seemed to him to be the fatal errors of persons in authority who advocate policies opposite to his own views. And then, when he went into the country and sat himself down in the lap of earth, he found a peace which drove from his mind every controversial topic in the whole field of politics, and led him to make the declaration which we have quoted with entire acceptance.

On the return from the green hills, we have literally thrown the subject of partisan politics out the Editor's Window for good and all. Our communion with Nature must have brought ideas similar to those which so manifestly influenced Mr. Sokolsky in his vacation, for we too have found a peace which fills our mind with things fit for discussion far beyond those that are distressing millions in the world of political action.

There is so much to talk about in these quiet pages besides the strife of

politics—so much that is embraced within the broad scope of these Carnegie institutions, as government in its higher implications; the laws of economic force; all the arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the drama; all the sciences, and the researches which enlarge their boundaries; the social movement, ever pushing upward from the bottom; books, old and new; biography, history, religion; and that imperative subject which transcended all others in the mind of Andrew Carnegie—Peace! Peace in our own land, peace among the nations! These are the things which from this time forward the Editor will contemplate through his Window.

#### PEACE AT HOME

**P**EACE should always come first. The turmoil which has long upset the tranquility of our people like an epidemic seems even now to have passed its most severe crisis and reached the stage where it is ready to yield its contentions to compromise and reason.

When we arrived at that ideal mountain retreat with a three-day holiday to be enjoyed, someone suggested a famous line from Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Beneath that yew tree's shade, at Stoke Pogis, where I sat with friends and read the poem aloud a few years ago, this line, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," seemed ideally suitable to travelers in a foreign soli-



cude. But now recalled on this Decoration Day vacation, the quotation seemed to lose its force. We had indeed moved ourselves away from the field of strife, but not from the strife itself. The mountains shut us out from the visible world, and the valleys were clad in green and adorned with a redundancy of flowers, calling us to forgetfulness. Here was the very oblivion of strife. But could we forget it? And was Gray right about that? Was there any virtue in getting away? Was it, after all, an ignoble strife? If this social unrest had been in upheaval since Gray's time of a hundred years ago, and it was still with us, was it ignoble? But it was even older than Gray, for we could trace it through the centuries back to Spartacus, and beyond Spartacus to the dawn of history. And there seemed to be in it now something which carried the deep pathos of human life, illuminating it and giving it an appeal of power that dissolved these mountains before the mind's eye, and held us in its presence. And that quick glimpse at history told us that this ignoble strife had been ignoble because the Old World system would not permit its correction, but that, since the foundation of American civilization, it was finding its solution in something that was noble and exalted in the hearts of free men here.

And with the sense of that strife pushing itself into the joyous vacation, men spoke of the danger to the Republic. But already the epidemic was being cured through those large and generous concessions which act like medicine upon excited groups. The Republic is not in danger. It could not be while humane and benevolent men adjust these controversies to the last limit of sympathy and understanding and financial stability. The Republic is indestructible. It survived a Civil War which impoverished the country for fifty years; but the spirit of brotherhood at last bound up the wounds of that strife, and restored the united nation to its onward and up-

ward march. This spirit of brotherhood will prevail in the emergency that now looks so ominous, and masses of men who are being swept off their feet by the appeal to passion will soon reclaim their peace of mind through the appeal to reason. Then we shall have peace and prosperity in a real sense.

## PEACE OVER THE SEAS

IN that vacation group were a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, all of them still dwellers in their native lands, all three men of affairs, and of great influence at home. The war clouds? "There will be no war," said the Frenchman. "Absolutely not; there is not a chance. Anxieties—yes; but no war. The rulers of Europe know that they themselves will be the first to be sacrificed if war should break out. It is even doubtful if the troops of any nation would march to war unless the enemy had already invaded their soil."

The Italian put his answer in another form. "Mr. Mussolini does not want war," he said. "He has never done or said anything to provoke war in Europe. He knows that Italy can solve her problems only by the progressive development of peace, and he knows that a European war would imperil every ambition that he cherishes in his heart for Italian prosperity. Several years ago he defined his ambition as a cultural aspiration for Italy—the intellectual glory of ancient Rome, and the equal glory of medieval Rome as the cradle of the Renaissance. These aims of his policy could not possibly be achieved either by making war himself or by permitting himself to be drawn into a war made by any other power. Mussolini stands as the guardian of peace in Europe—armed, watchful, severe, but absolutely for peace."

England was of course brought into the discussion. Her champion had just been listening to compliments upon the coronation and upon her new monarch, who has already won the admiration and good will of the entire world.

"Why had England rearmed?" he was asked. "Because," he responded, "things had happened to make that necessary. In the first place, the League of Nations, it had been found, could enforce its sanctions only by going to war, and war was not to be tolerated; and in the second place, Germany had at last refused to live any longer under the harsh conditions of the Versailles Treaty; and these two considerations had made it obligatory for Great Britain to arm, and paradoxically enough, in arming she was insuring peace. Spain? That was indeed a deplorable situation, but like all civil wars—France, England, and America—it must run its course." He was convinced, said this Englishman, that the arguments which had just been made by his French and Italian friends were those that would to some extent represent the feeling of the British government; and that the sincere efforts which England has just made, since Mr. Chamberlain has become Prime Minister, to placate Germany to a policy of unbreakable peace, together with England's passionate disposition of a good neighbor toward France, Italy, and Germany, would have an immeasurable influence in preserving the peace of Europe.

It will be a matter of deep interest to observe whether these three men have correctly stated the case of their countries as against another war. We believe that they have done so. And we know that the American Government, through President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, is advancing every plea toward a perpetual peace throughout the world.

Compounded, as America is, of all the races, why should she not hold the lamp of peace before the eyes of our brethren in foreign lands? George Canning, in 1826, as prime minister for George IV, and under the fiction of the King's speech, declared, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." It was as if God had spoken and dedicated America to a destiny of peace for all his children.

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